

# The WESLEYAN



Greater Wesleyan Number

MAY





# Wesleyan Magazine

## of Creative Arts

### Staff

Editor: Margaret MacKenzie

Literary Editor: Sharron Mays

Staff: Cathy Coxey

Art Editor: Linda Dixon

Music Editor: Dianne Dennington

Layout Editor: Patti Voyles

Staff: Linda Derby

Business Manager: Sue Coone

Advisors: Raymond Harris

Ann Munck

Ben H. McClary

Scribes: Seniors—Margaret MacKenzie

Juniors—Sharron Mays, Charlotte Gillett



### VOL. XVII 1970 ISSUE 2

### Table of Contents

Wesleyan Alma Mater, Cindy Hanna

Pax, Linda Dixon

Valse For a Disenchanted Princess, Margaret MacKenzie

Revenge, Margaret MacKenzie

October, Mary K. Read

Contentment, Elizabeth Baldwin

Waterfront Southern Port, Jewel Kennelly

Grandmother's House, Julia Stillwell

Untitled, Kay Stripling

To a Fortune Cookie, Ann Myers

Nature's Child, George Hawks

A Journey to the East, Earline Gammel

King David and Solomon, Marlina Kawira

Kitten Kaper, George McKinney

Pots de Creme au Chocolat, Herbert C. Herrington

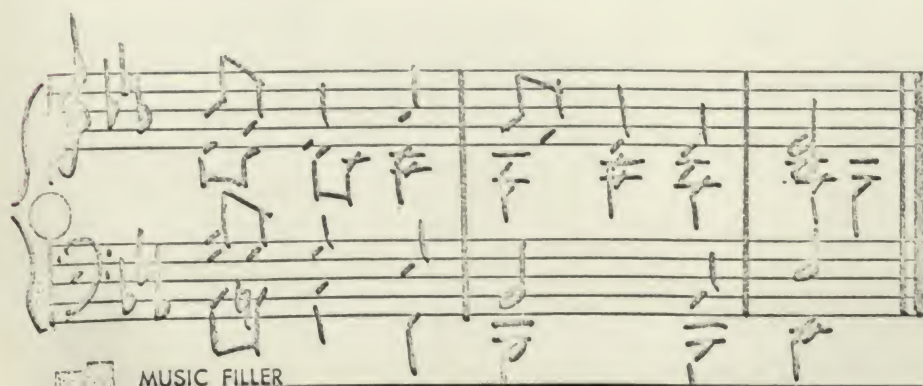
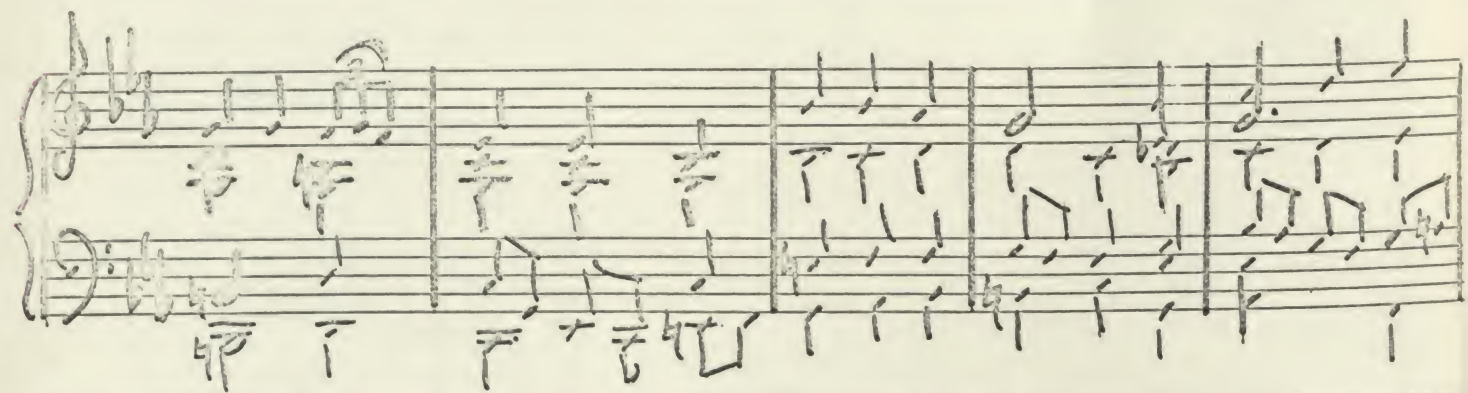
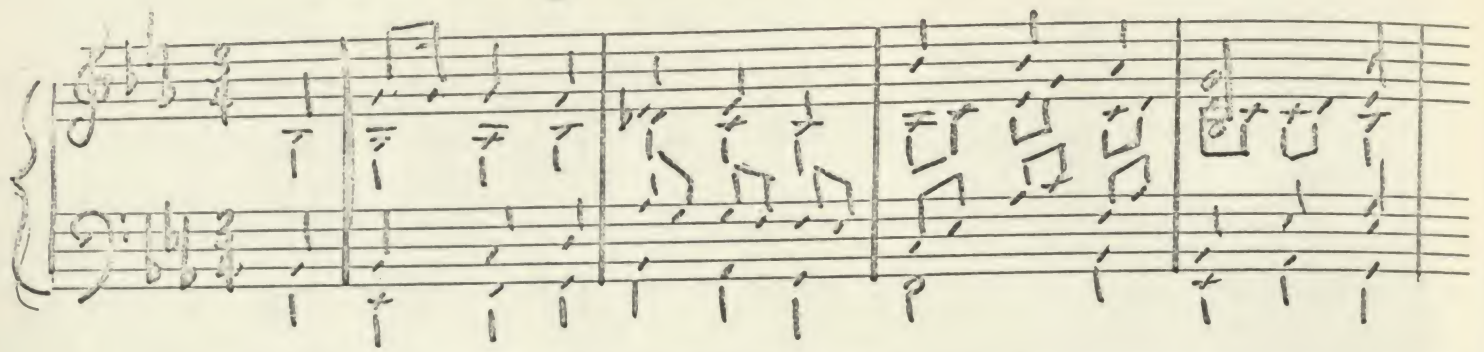
The Sounds of This Place, Eunice Thompson

This issue originally started as an attempt to produce a satirical publication here at Wesleyan; however, there seemed to be a lack of materials for the project. What we have put together is a pot pourri (or pot au feu, maybe) of offerings that wouldn't fit any other one type of volume. We offer you a few light verses, some examples of Wesleyan poetry from past years, a perfectly marvelous recipe from our gourmet in the music department, a sit-down-and-play-it-yourself arrangement of the Alma Mater, and other very varied fare. If you're wondering about the cover, it's from the twenties, front and back. And please don't throw it in the trash for a little while at least.

Editor



# Wesleyan Alma Mater



ARRANGED BY  
CINDY HANNA







1940's

## Waterfront Southern Port

1930's

### Contentment

*A squat blue Buddha  
Sat on a crimson scarf  
Wise as the ages—  
As silent as the dead.  
Fat hands folded  
Over fat stomach.  
Serene, content.  
Detached from life  
And all its complexities.*

ELIZABETH BALDWIN



### I NIGHT

Sound of anchor chains in the night,  
Sultry, heavy hanging night.  
The burning stars have dropped  
And sputtered out in the oily water.  
The sleepless eyes of the harbor  
Blink and stare.

The river lays upon its bank  
The careless falling sound of music  
And silence broods with drumming wings.  
The aged moon is worn into the west.  
Channel lights are emerald eyes that flash  
Green and dark.

### II LABOR STRIKE-LONGSHOREMEN

Bolita in the warehouse shed  
Crap game on the docks.  
Lie swapping Big pier head,  
And Kelly's window's cracked with rock.  
Us niggers have joined the C. I. O.  
Want .40 cts. to roll the resin 'round  
Big man come in from Ohio  
Talk to us and don't talk down.

Dance tonight beyond Lincoln Toll  
Coffee ship comes in at dawn.  
Cargo can rot in the hold.  
Bix Six's got plenty O'corn.

### III DAGO PLAINS

Glistening palmettoes under a blazing  
sun,  
Silence and shimmering heat 'til day is  
done.  
Mrash and jungle and cruel blue sky,  
Waterturkeys beating west, fleeting and  
shy,  
The rattle snake trails his narrow run.  
Silence is the beating pulse of a muffled  
drum.

Moonlight is liquid that moves across  
the plains,  
Palms are black towers 'til the witch moon  
waned.  
The 'shiner's stlil is a far mysterious flame  
The palmettoes close the way he came.  
The Southern Cross is the sentinel of  
God  
And silence is panther-cat, velvet shod.

JEWEL KENNELLY

1950's

## Grandmother's House

By JULIA STILLWELL

*Deep are the roots, deep in the core of the house,  
Deep-nourished by life-shaped fingers,  
Work-worn, once young with a new gold ring,  
Dark musty is the house like crumbling books,  
But values still thrive in an air of dried fern  
There roots hold though the world is sand.  
Life's pattern is kept in the rooms of the house,  
Small feet scamper over smooth worn floors,  
Generations gather on the wide front porch,  
And rock and talk to the creak of the swing,  
The young must listen to the rambling stories,  
They leave, at last, with kin-kissing good-byes.  
Party chatter deep is the world at the  
    end of the walk,  
But they are sustained by the roots  
    in the house,  
Deep-nourished and vital with meaning.*

1960's

No night rain's wind could ever make me think  
Of you again. No owl conjures the past  
From leaden dusk and clock-spooned hours held fast  
In silent webs grown wide as evenings shrink.  
I need no sleep as stone to break the link  
Between each hoarded pearl from daylight's wound  
Of weeping flesh beneath the ticking's pound.  
My freedom's clean as polished zinc.

Outside the rain has stopped its hollow walk  
Upon the fallen leaves. Drops teeter on  
The ledge to grin into the window grates  
As one prepares with steady hand to caulk  
The seams of mind's rent walls alone,  
While down the darkened hall the room awaits.

—Kay Stripling



## TO A FORTUNE COOKIE

My fortune lies in a cookie shell:  
a paper seed in a pastry pod,  
a page in an unread book.  
What is my fortune?  
Who can tell?  
... only God, or the author, or maybe the cook.

Ann Myers





## A JOURNEY TO THE EAST

### A Found Poem from Joseph Conrad's "Youth"

#### I

It was going to be an exciting voyage.  
I was second mate for the first time.  
The ship had been laid up in Shadwell  
basin for ever so long.  
She was all rust, dust, and grime.  
She had not a bit of brass about her.  
Below her name (Judea) there was a  
lot of scroll work, with the gilt off.  
She had some sort of coat of arms too,  
with the motto "Do or Die" underneath.  
Yes, she was old and battered.  
After just coming off a crack Aus-  
tralian clipper,  
I felt I was being transferred from  
a palace to a ruined cottage.  
But the old thing took my fancy.  
There was a touch of romance in it . . .

#### II

We were sailing east—Bangkok!  
Everything was grand—then  
We saw the fire.  
A blue gleam appeared forward.  
It wavered in patches.  
It seemed to stir and creep like the  
light of a glowworm.  
Red tongues would be seen licking  
the wilderness of splinters under our feet.  
A conical flame with a twisted  
top shot up forward, throwing a circle  
of light upon a black luminous sea.  
The fire burned fiercely.  
It grew steadily worse.  
Suddenly, A frightful racket, rat-  
tle, clanking of chain, hiss of water.  
Millions of sparks flew up into  
the shivering column of smoke that stood  
leaning slightly above the ship.  
Two red-hot anchors had gone  
to the bottom, tearing after them two  
hundred fathoms of red-hot chain.

The ship trembled.  
Black smoke poured continuously  
at the sky and the fire burned on until—  
At last, she was only a charred  
shell, floating stil under a cloud of smoke.  
From our small boats, we all  
watched her go down.  
The stern was the last to sink.  
But the paint had gone, had cracked,  
had peeled off,  
and there were no letters, no  
word, no stubborn device that was  
like her soul, to flash at the rising  
sun her creed or name.

#### III

I got to the East—though it  
was in a small boat.  
A high outline of mountains: blue  
and afar in the morning, like faint  
mist at noon, a jagged wall of purple  
at sunset.  
A bay, a wide bay, smooth as  
glass and polished like ice shimmering  
in the dark.  
The night, soft and warm.  
A puff of wind, faint and tepid  
and learn with strange odors of blos-  
soms of aromatic wood  
The first sigh of the East on my  
face—impalpable, enslaving  
Like a charm,  
Like a whispered promise of mys-  
terious delight.

Earline Gammel



S. S. A.

# KING DAVID AND KING SOLOMON

James Ball Naylor 1860-1945

Marlina Kawika

Larghetto MM  $\text{♩} = 96$

Handwritten musical score for three voices and piano. The music is in 3/4 time. The lyrics are: King David and King Solomon, led merry, merry, King David, King David and King Solomon, led merry, merry, King David, King David and King Solomon, led merry, merry.

*piano* FOR REHEARSAL ONLY

Handwritten musical score for three voices and piano. The music is in 3/4 time. The lyrics are: ry lives with many many lady friends and many many wives when ry lives with ma--ny lady friends & ma--ny wives when ry lives ma--ny lady friends & ma--ny wives

*mf*



Handwritten musical score for "The Song of Solomon" in G major, 4/4 time. The score is written on five staves. The lyrics are: "King Solomon wrote the proverbs, King David wrote the psalms." The music features a melody in the upper staves and a bass line in the lower staves. Dynamics include "poco rit", "f", and "ff". The score is marked with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).





George McKinney

## POTS DE CREME AU CHOCOLAT

Wait! Don't panic and pass up this recipe. It may not be the oldest of chocolate desserts, but it is most certainly the best, and by far the most elegant of all.

- 3/4 pound semi-sweet chocolate
- 1-1/2 teaspoons vanilla
- 1/16 teaspoon salt
- 1-1/2 cups pure cream
- 6 egg yolks

Melt chocolate in cream over very low heat. Pour into electric mixer bowl and add vanilla and salt, and beat until smooth. Beat yolks in (it is better to add them one at a time) and beat until smooth (about 30 seconds).

Pour into pot de creme pots until almost full. Refrigerate.

Note: In order to ripen, this must be prepared 24 hours in advance.

If you do not have the pots, just use after dinner coffee cups. Before serving put a small covering of whipped cream over each.

This dessert is fool-proof if the above simple directions are followed exactly-and this means that, as in all good cooking, it must be done with TLC.

Herbert C. Herrington



### THE SOUNDS OF THIS PLACE

The sounds of this place are the sounds  
that accompany peace,  
The wind in the live-oaks, the  
far away splash of an oar,  
The marsh hens' wierd calls at each  
turn of the tide and the low  
And monotonous drumming of crickets at  
dusk on the shore,  
And every new grief you impart  
to the waves they will gather  
Repeat, and intone to you softly  
until it will be  
As lost as a voice in the wind  
that sweeps over the beaches  
As little important as rain in  
the face of the sea.

Eunice Thompson, '20

note: This poem by Miss Eunice Thompson received The Poetry Society of Georgia prize. It is reprinted in this issue of The Wesleyan with her permission.

ed.



# WESLEYAN COLLEGE

## THE IDEAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN

Wesleyan College makes an irresistible appeal to the American girl and crowds its halls with students because:

1. It is open only to the graduates of high schools and has a student body of mature women.
2. Its curriculum is broad, high and modern, meeting the tastes and needs of every individual.
3. Its equipment is excellent in every particular, furnishing the best scientific laboratories, library and every facility for the best work in the liberal arts and in the fine arts.
4. Its faculty are men and women of the highest literary and artistic attainment, having had the best training that the world affords.
5. Field sports, a great gymnasium and swimming pool afford means for physical development.
6. Democratic ideals, student government, mutual confidence of students and teachers make a perfect home life.
7. The religious and moral influences of the institution are all that could be asked.
8. The rates are reasonable.

For catalogue write

C. R. JENKINS, President

